

ABOUT Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY.

THE SHOW OF WONDERS has been selected as the name of the new musical show which will follow "The Passing Show of 1916" at the Winter Garden. It will be in two acts and twenty scenes. Before opening in New York "The Show of Wonders" will play a week at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, beginning Monday, Oct. 16. It will visit several other cities and open at the Winter Garden early in November.

HOPKINS PLAY OCT. 9.

Arthur Hopkins's new play, "Good Gracious, Annabelle!" will first see the light of day in Boston, where it will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Park Square Theatre Oct. 9. Finishing there it will be brought to New York and may go to the Republic.

ANOTHER SOUSA MARCH.

John Philip Sousa has written a march called "The Boy Scouts of America" and will play it in the "Big Top" performance in Philadelphia. Booth Tarkington has written words for it—so the Boy Scouts may have their first march. It is said that when they hear the Sousa air, Charles D. Hart, head of the Boy Scouts of America, has approved the new march.

OUR OWN MINSTRELS.

Interlocutor—Good evening, Mr. Bones. I saw your brother in an automobile to-day.
Bones—Yes. He made a lot of money with that.
Interlocutor—What has that to do with his being in an auto?
Bones—Oh, he thought he ought to buy a new wagon.
Interlocutor—Mr. Tambor, I want you to decide a bet for me. Which animal is the wilder, a goat or an elephant?
Tambor—I don't know. I never joined a lodge that used an elephant.
Interlocutor—Archibald Highnote, our fearless tenor, will sing that touching ballad, "This is Father's Day Night, Girl! Line-Up—He's Coming In!"

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

The man who always wears a grin may be a happy gink, but every time we chance to meet, my heart begins to sink. I'm often worried and I'm blue and that is just the time the grin perpetual is apt to drive me to a crisis. The man who always wears a grin can't think so very deep. He gives me the impression that he grins all through his sleep. I'm sure his brain contains a kink that sets the wheels awry. The grin is useful now and then, but likewise is the sigh. When things go wrong I'd rather meet the fellow with the frown. I can't appreciate just then the antics of a clown. The grinning person, as I've said, may be a happy gink, but there are times that silly grin will drive a man to drink.

ELTINGER BUYS A HOTEL.

Julian Eltinge, having recently given his mother a home in Seventy-fifth Street, New York, has evened matters up in the family by purchasing a hotel for his father, John Dalton. The hotel is located at Brandt Lake, in the Adirondacks, and will be known as Brandt Lake Inn. The property comprises 100 acres with a half mile of lake shore frontage. A hunting lodge for Mr. Eltinge will be built up in the mountains behind the hotel. Mr. Dalton expects to make money out of the hotelery if too many relatives don't swoop down on him.

VAUDEVILLE FOR MISS BREEN.
Grace Breen, daughter of City Magistrate Breen, is soon to be seen and heard in vaudeville. Alf T. Wilton is arranging engagements for her. Miss Breen studied voice culture in Italy. Heretofore she has confined her work to the concert stage.

GOSSIP.

Fred Tallman, the poet player, has been given a 30-week route over the United Vaudeville time.
Bulwiler Ladd is to play his original role of the Daffodil in the Coburn "Follow Jacket" company.
John Harwood and Arlene Hackett will act with William Faversham in "Getting Married."

Augustus Pitou says he has decided to bring Fiske O'Hara and his new play, "His Heart's Desire," into New York about Jan. 1.
Joseph Brooks, theatrical producer, is confined to his home with an attack of nervous indigestion.

Harry C. Bradley has been engaged to play a detective role in "Good Gracious, Annabelle!"
Every dramatic critic and editor in the State of New Jersey has been invited to see "Arms and the Girl" Monday evening.

Grace Valentine has written us a poem on "Marriage," which, to be absolutely honest about it, is some masterpiece.
Anna Held's new starring vehicle, "Follow Me," will be played for the first time on Oct. 25 in Philadelphia.

After several postponements, "Rich Man, Poor Man," will be presented by George Broadhurst at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre to-night. In "The Cave Lady," a musical

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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In the ancient days of knights and armor they used to sew clothes with a hammer.

The annoying tendency of rubber to stretch when pulled is exceedingly hard to cure.

Goggles can be prevented from melting down too swiftly by not lighting 'em.

When writing on letter paper only seven inches wide you should not leave more than six inches margin.

As a rule railroad tracks will be found to be much safer over a river if there is a bridge under 'em.

The fashion in loose automobiles is going out. All 1917 models will be form-fitting.

'S'MATTER, POP!'

If Memories of Our Own Childhood Serve Us, We Held Precisely the Same View!

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

What's a Mere Husband's Health Compared to His Wife's Bargains?

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL

As an Assistant, Flooey Works Entirely Too Fast!

By Vic



FLIVVERS

The Smaller They Are the More Noise They Make!

By Jack Callahan



Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward

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SCENE: Pop's dining room at breakfast time. There enters a shiny servant with folded apron, a couple of cups and a tray.

POP (not able to contain himself): Because other people are doing it! If other people were jumping into the river would you jump, too?

Ma (with much irritation)—Oh, for goodness sake don't use that argument with me! I use it with Willie. I say that even if you don't like doing it, it wouldn't hurt you to accommodate your neighbors in a time of stress.

Pop (retaliative)—Who'd help me in stress?

Ma (calmly)—I have them all picked out. And for good reasons, too. There's Mr. Brooks, because his feet are bad and he has to stand up in the subway every morning and Mrs. Brooks says he comes home with tears in his eyes every night.

Pop (scolding)—Stands up in the morning and has tears in his eyes at night! I'll bet he gets 'em over a bus rail.

Ma (with precision)—No such thing. Then there's Mr. Gray, who's getting over his hay fever nicely, but who always strikes a train carrying a lovesick stenographer who brings goldenrod for her boss's desk every morning, so Mr. Gray has a relapse every twenty-four hours.

Then there's Mr. Stanton—

Pop (with mock indignation)—Stanton? That's a name!

Ma (solemnly)—Milton! It's an affliction—not a fault, with him—he inherited it. And the reason I want you to do it is because Mrs. Stanton was telling me was so unfortunate that right at the uptown subway station is a most attractive cafe and, coincidentally, right at his downstairs station there is an equally attractive one. So Mr. Stanton just falls out of one and into the other. If you deposit him right at his office, why?

Pop (briefly)—There's a blamed attractive one right next door to it. If he went down by aeroplane he'd fall right into it.

Ma (eternally)—Don't joke unless there is something to joke about. I never could see anything funny in a man drinking. Well, are you going to do it or aren't you?

Pop (with great weight)—I'll do it because you'll make my life miserable if I don't—but whatever happens be on your head!

(Pop rises from the table and stalks from the room. Ma follows him to the door. She smoothes an impulse to call him back as the elevator disappears. As she proceeds with the regular morning programme she is assailed by misgivings that

Ma (angrily)—Yes, yes, go on! Pop (sweetly)—An' this is how it turned out. A couple of strikers took a shot at us with a brick an' to recover from the shock Stanton blew the crowd. An' then a little further on, a real Hiney driver called me a scab and ran into my mudguard and ruined it and to recover from the shock I blew the crowd.

Ma (enthusiastically)—It's got green lights outside and they invited us in because we were de-demonstrating traffic. But it's a nice party an' I thought I'd let you know because it was y-your suggestion!

Pop (wanting to prove that Stanton, he can find a cafe no matter where you put him!)

Ma (bursting into tears)—That's right, blame it on me! That's what I'm here for—oh, oh!

Pop (conscience stricken)—I guess I've punished you enough. I'm perfectly sober and there aren't any green lights outside. I was just painting a picture of what might have happened if I had listened down.

Ma (joyfully)—Then you didn't? Oh, Milton, you're a darling! I knew those other men might get you into trouble.

